

PREACHER

TELLS THE TRUTH
ABOUT HIS TRADE.

The following are some extracts from a sermon recently preached by Rev. H. M. Brooks, of Paris, Ill.:

"First, I wish to pay my respect to the ministry, because I belong to that class. And I wish it understood that I am a friend to the preacher. If there is a set of men on earth who are in need of friends it is the ministry, for they, as a class, are the biggest cowards on earth. My brethren blame me for telling tales out of school, but I cannot help it. We are cringing, cowering, timid slaves who are directed by men and women who belong to the church because it is fashionable and would belong to an infidel club just as willingly if it were equally fashionable. We are paid so much a year, not for telling the truth, but for telling what the people want to hear. It takes us four or five days of each week hard study, not how to present the truth, but how to dodge it. We fully understand that if we should happen to tell the truth it is our business to apologize for having done so. We fully understand that no man can preach for a rich, fashionable congregation and tell the whole truth and hold his job. It is therefore the chief end of the preacher's life to know how to please his congregation and hold his job. We know that greed has commercialized the business men, mammonized the church and hyponotized the clergy, but we dare not tell it. We know that every time we preach a discourse, we ought to take for a text, 'I am thine ass, and there would be no one to dispute our premises. We know that we are run by rich men, many of whom have acquired their wealth by the most questionable methods, and fashionable fools who have neither religious conception nor conviction, but we dare not open our heads.

"Some time ago I saw in the daily papers that a preacher in Cincinnati had come to the defense of football and I thought to myself that if nine-tenths of all the preachers should quit preaching and go to playing football, the country would be better off. In the presence of the church we are as truckling as ever a scullion was in the presence of a king. A preacher with a good place and a good salary was never known to have an original idea or enter a protest against the oppressor of the weak. We know that almost all crimes in the whole catalogue are committed by church members, but we dare not speak with authority. Think of such men and women passing on the fitness of a man to preach! Here is a caste of a committee before whom I once appeared to have them determine my fitness to fill the pulpit; The chairman's income was over thirty dollars a day from buildings that he owned and rented for the use of gamblers, saloon keepers and prostitutes. Another had an illegitimate child that was over twenty years old, but he had reformed and was a very nice appearing man at that time. Another had been in a mixup with a woman that was enough to make angels hide their faces, and devils blush for shame. Another had just lost all his money on the election, and was about to be turned out of the church, not for betting, but because he had lost all his money. Another one of the committee was half a fool and he was the best one of the bunch.

If I had written that simply on my own hook, even the infidels would not have believed it true, and Christians would have called me a common infidel liar.

But Brooks sustains me in saying that preachers are "the biggest cowards on earth," you never heard of a preacher doing a brave thing.

They are a crying cowardly gang of boot-lickers, and they know that they are hired to lie, by the year, by unscrupulous men and women who would belong to infidel clubs if it were fashionable to do so. Preachers are paid to tell just what the people want to hear and to swear its true even if they know its a lie.

There is not a preacher in Kentucky, except possibly a few Negro preachers and exceedingly ignorant white ones, who believes that the Bible is even half true.

All educated preachers know the Bible is a lie from start to finish and they preach it simply and solely to make money by it, and all of them would stop preaching if the people would stop paying them, and any of them would preach infidelity just as soon as they would preach Christianity, if they thought they could make more money preaching infidelity.

All of this is just as true of Brooks as of any of the others. He is still

preaching and he is just as big a liar as any of them, else he would not hold his job.

WHAT I WANT.

I am, naturally, very glad that there is a prospect that the Blade will resume its full size in January—in fact Mr. Hughes says positively that it will.

He can only afford to print the full size by cutting off all those who do not pay so as to lessen the expense from which he gets no return.

Of course, in one sense, I am sorry that the circulation of the Blade will be thus lessened and I hope Mr. Hughes will let them all see one or two issues of the Blade of its full size and then, if they do not pay, cut them off.

There will be some of those who will be cut off for whom I feel sorry, because they are really friends to the paper and do not pay for it simply because they are poor, but even those can as well afford to do without the paper as Mr. Hughes can afford to send it to them for nothing and then there are many of them who are not thoroughly infidels and are willing to beat the paper out of its dues.

I shall be glad to know that all of those have been cut off. People who do pay for their paper do not like to feel that while they are paying for it, other people are getting it for nothing and, therefore, people who pay for it frequently write to me, asking me to cut the others off.

I have never until this time, felt inclined to cut off anybody, but now I enjoy the prospect of doing it.

They are not in sympathy with the paper and are breeders of discontent, and, under the guise of being patrons of the paper, do, I think, do much to injure it.

My health so far as I can see, is very fine, but I am betting on, to the "three score and ten," and the death of old friends like Gibson and Ballard, at about my age, reminds me that my time must soon come, and I am very anxious to see my long-cherished idea about the Blade begin to look like some kind of fruition.

There never was, in all the world, a newspaper that was published absolutely and solely for the purpose of doing good, and with absolutely no selfish motive in it.

These religious papers that pretend to be printed simply to do good, are of course frauds. Their editors are liars and their papers are published to make money.

I have an ambition to gain fame as a benefactor of all sentient beings—men, women, animals and even preachers—and this is, of course a motive, and I have this ambition just as other men have ambitions to be military men, or rich men or orators or scholars.

My ideals of men are Tolstoi and Haackel.

If this, my ambition is not selfishness, I am, in this matter, so far as I can understand myself, absolutely unselfish.

I want it to be managed so that every body can see that I do not get a single dollar from my connection with the paper, not regarding the part that I get from the sale of my books, as being a part of this paper. You can, of course, give to Mr. Hughes anything you want to give, but I think it would be better for him and for all parties concerned to get money only for papers that are sent out—\$1.00 single issue and 50 cents each for clubs of 5 and over.

This is a day when things get a start from some kind of novelty, and I have a strong conviction that I am a case from which such a start could be made.

We do not need any more money-getting frauds like Dowie and Mrs. Eddy. The market is overstocked with people of this kind.

There is, however, a man, Carnegie, who has millions of dollars that he is just giving away because it is a pleasure to him. In the whole history of the world there was never just such another case.

Carnegie is an infidel and next to him in giving stands Tolstoi, the infidel.

It seems, then possible that there might be an infidel whose real and sole desire and aspiration—ambition for fame, if you please—might be to do good to the world.

Infidelity is to them, the most wicked thing in the world, and they know of me as an ex-convict and jail-bird and not knowing that to be true of any other infidel propagandist naturally, suppose I am the most wicked man in the world.

A reputation like that can be made the basis of a success if properly managed.

Let it be seen beyond any shadow of doubt that I am—an enthusiast for prometry, the happiness of the world, simply by having each person to do good personally, and this promotes his or her own happiness and this little paper can be made an instrument for good that has not and



never did have, its like in the whole history of newspapers. I am not genius enough to know how to formulate the details further than to say that I want us all personally to determine to try to be the very best people that the world ever saw. Not sanctimonious or long-faced—there is no good in that, because there is nothing in it to make anybody happy—but to be continually on the alert to do just a little thing or big thing that may happen to be possible for us to do; anything just any little word or deed that will make a man, woman, child, of any age, sex or nationality, or a horse, dog, bird or any other animal happy.

It's an era of fads, and nothing is being tried by the people but to entertain themselves, and the only thing they are finding out the folly of the common efforts to be happy, and doing good might really be made a fad, if the good is common sense and practical, for the day is about here when the most intelligent and most honest people are not going to try to use the church as a means of doing good. They see too plainly that it is a scheme of the clergy for making money.

You don't have to pay out a cent of money for what I propose, and I can not see any chance that any of us have to lose anything.

If we try it and become discouraged or tired of it, we will not loose anything by it, if we have only spent two or three days in an attempt to school ourselves into trying to do good, the object being to promote our own happiness.

We, of course, should not really try to avoid vices, but we should try to cultivate any and all virtues, and succeed in just as many of them as we can.

If I were setting myself up as an exemplar for others to follow it would only be the same old hypocritical pretense that so many have made, and that has done harm rather than good.

But I do not pretend to be a model. I have many imperfections that are evident to those who read after me, and many more that they do not know about.

The advantage that you would have in using me as a nucleus to start a move of this kind, is that I am, already, pretty widely known, and have a paper through which we could communicate with one another about this matter, and this stimulates and encourages each other.

I wish that a great many of you, from all over America and any where else, would write me short letters telling me plainly your ideas about it.

Of course I would be glad if Christian people would join with us in this matter, but, from their prejudice against me, it will be very hard to get them to do so, and they all think or claim to think that no good can be done except through religion.

REV. EATON A VOUCHER

Boston Mass., Dec. 10. —Mr. Newton, who sued Mrs. Chadwick after hearing her five million securities were worthless, said:

"I would like to have some one tell me how it was that the woman induc-

ed Iri Reynolds to sign his name to that list of securities and then have that signature vouched for by one of the most prominent ministers of Cleveland. I saw the voucher and list of securities that Mrs. Chadwick was supposed to have deposited in the Wade Park National Bank. The list of securities was signed by Mr. Reynolds as being in his possession and his signature was vouched for by Rev. Chas. A. Eaton."

RELIGION.

(By Paul Laurence Dunbar.)

I am no priest of crooks or creeds,
For human wants and human needs
Are more to me than prophets' deeds;
And human tears and human cares
Affect me more than human prayers.

Go, cease your wail, lugubrious saint!
You forget Heaven with your plaint.
Is this the "Christian's joy" you paint?
Is this the Christian's boasted bliss?
Avail your faith no more than this?

Take up your arms, come out with me.
Let Heaven alone; humanity
Needs more and Heaven less from thee.

With pity for mankind look round;
Help them to rise—and Heaven is found!

Dunbar is a Negro. So long as people believe the Bible they will believe that God cursed the Negro, and made him a slave because he is black. An intelligent infidel knows that the color of the skin is the effect of climate and that the hearts and brains of all men are of the same color.

The man who believes the Bible, believes that Dunbar ought to belong to some Christian white man, and now he is shucking corn in Kentucky or picking cotton in Louisiana.

The fool white man says he is not going to put himself "on an equality with the nigger."

There is not a white man who could put himself on an equality with Dunbar.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox would be a true poet, but for the religious twaddle in what she says.

No man, since the days of old Infidel Bobbie Burns, has been able to put as much sense and truth and goodness and poetry into three stanzas as Dunbar has put into those three.

I would rather be able to put myself on an equality with that darkey than to have Roosevelt's job.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE IN LEXINGTON

There is at Kentucky University, in Lexington, the Campbellite college, a Chinaman, 22 years old, named Syp Nye Wod.

He is no kin to Bill Nye. He is from Canton.

The Lexington Democrat interviewed him, and a part of what Syp said is as follows:

"Some people in America are full of boasts, and jealousy swells their hearts. They look on the Chinese as their enemies. Many missionaries go from here to China annually and their try to bring our natives to Christ. I am glad to hear of their work because they want to do as

Jesus said, and the only trouble is that they don't know that the people here treat the Chinese with cruelty and unrighteously.

"The Christians here ought to teach this kind of people as fast as they can that Christ said:

"First cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye."

"Many people in this country only see the wrong in others, and the right in themselves. If China should forbid Americans to enter her land, or treat the Americans as some Americans treat the Chinese, I believe many warships would be sent by the United States government to whip China.

"Many false views are entertained here about China because the missionaries and others who have returned have spoken and written about the vices of the people there as those visitors have seen them. The honesty and life among the better class they seem to have forgotten.

"I can write many thousands of pages of criticism on the mean things I have seen in America and I have enough facts to prove them. The pagan philosopher, Confucius, said, 'If I myself do not like a certain thing then I go not give it to others.'

"Cast out the beam out," is bad grammar, but it is that way in the Bible. Jesus never studied grammar."

ONLY CHILDREN

JOIN CHURCHES

Occasionally a preacher gets into a fix where it is to his interest to tell the truth and then he will tell the truth just as soon as anybody.

It is almost an unheard of thing, in educated society, that any matured person joins the church.

The converts are nearly all made from schools.

Rev. U. G. Foote was preaching in Lexington. His special graft is the Sunday School department.

He said: "Ninety per cent. of the additions to our churches in this country in the last ten years have come directly from the Sunday School."

If I had made that statement it would probably have been, by Christians, called a lie, because they do not want the public attention called to fact that nobody but children join churches. But Foote is looking out for his own department of the religious trade and so he just blurts out the plain facts about it.

"DIVINE HEALER"

Appears in Germany and Does Rushing Business—Making Trouble for Authorities.

Berlin, Dec. 10.—The authorities of Hanover have an unpleasant case to deal with at Kirchgaudon, not far from Goettingen, where a former carpenter, named Ausmaien, has declared himself a second reincarnation of Christ and is doing a rushing business as a divine healer.

Recently the man purchased a feudal castle in the vicinity and sur-

rounded himself with a troop of armed retainers. He asks heavy fees, but the people flock to him by thousands, willingly sacrificing their last farthing to be cured by him or receive his blessing.

Ausmaien's latest bid for notoriety is the promulgation of a manifesto cursing the medical profession.

There ought to be some kind of an international patent law to protect the discoveries and inventors of new religions.

Our American woman, Mrs. Eddy, and our American man, Dowie, are the inventors of the divine healing and reincarnation religion, and they ought to have a patent or copyright on it that would prevent foreigners from infringing upon their discovery and invention.

REV. DR. GEORGE D. VARDEN WRITING AGAIN FOR LEXINGTON NEWSPAPERS

Rev. Dr. George Varden, of Lexington, beside his duties as a preacher has been a lengthy correspondent of a Lexington paper.

About a year ago Rev. Varden's wife applied for, and got, a divorce, on the ground that he had beaten her.

For some time the Rev. Dr. disappeared from the newspapers as a correspondent, and I supposed the public had lost his labors in that capacity. But he has bloomed out again taking the sudden death of Billy Breckinridge as an occasion to laud the Breckinridge's and other celebrated preachers.

ELECTROCUTED

Murderer Nichols Pays the Penalty at the Columbus "Pen"—Execution Without Hitch.

Columbus, O., Dec. 9.—William Nichols, 53, murderer of Alfred Minor, an old soldier near Kenton, O., was electrocuted early today at the penitentiary. Unlike previous executions, this one was without a hitch. It is stated, Nichols was escorted to the chair by Chaplain Starr, though he had refused his ministrations, saying he would die an atheist. The crime for which Nichols paid the penalty was committed July a year ago. Minor to save board, had gone to live in a shanty with Nichols, employed by the same farmer. He had saved about \$136 in pension money, which he carried with him in a tin bucket. He was found dead in the woods. Nichols when arrested, said he had won the dead man's money at cards, and claimed he had killed Minor in self-defense, during a quarrel.

I have been claiming that infidels were rarely known to commit crime. Now I have to acknowledge that Rose, an infidel, at St. Louis, was a train robber who assisted in killing several officers while some of them killed him, and now again it seems that an atheist has committed murder.

WANTED—Salesmen, local and general, reaching the pump and well supply trade on recently patented well specialties of great merit. Hills & Ross Co., Medina, Wis.